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Flamingo Vol. III N 6

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Flamingo

DENISON UNIVERSITY



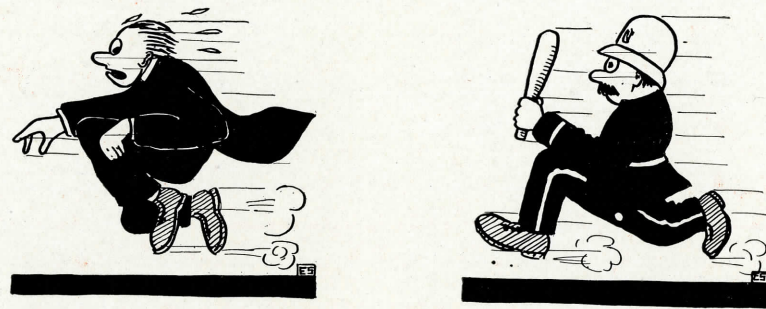
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VOLUME III

MASQUERS NUMBER

NUMBER 6

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Min Toy—"They tell me you failed as an actress at the Chinese Players?"
Shin Toy—"Yes, since I bobbed my hair I always miss my que."—Chaparral.

THE FLAMINGO

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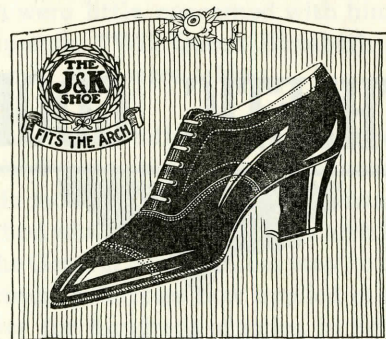
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Vol. III

NOVEMBER, 1922

No. 6

DAINTY FOOTWEAR for DAINTY WOMEN



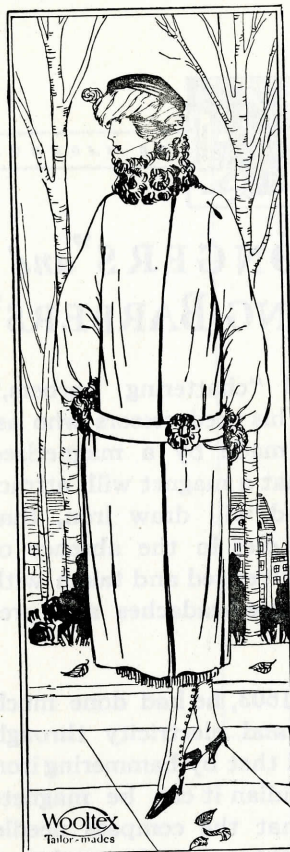
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LOVE SONNET OF A CAVE MAN

When One Loves Tensely

When one loves tensely words are naught,
my Dear!
You never felt I loved you till that day
I sighed and heaved a chunk of rock your way;
Nor I, until you clutched your father's spear
And coyly clipped the lobe from off my ear,
Guessed the sweet thought you were too shy
to say—
All mute we listened to the larks of May,
Silent, we harked the laughter of the year.

Later, my Dear, I'll say you spoke enough!
Do you remember how I took you, Sweet,
And banged your head against the frozen rill
Until I broke the ice, and by your feet
Held you submerged until your tongue was still?
When one loves tensely one is sometimes rough.
—Don Marquis.

RIPPING, WE'D CALL IT

"Well, how do you like this barn storming life?" asked the inquisitive alumnus of the Scarlet Masker.

"Oh, sew-sew," replied the wardrobe "mistress," as he took another stitch in a ripped costume.—Sun Dial.

S. D. J.—"What character do you have in the next act?"

Girl—"I'm not supposed to have any character; I'm in the chorus."—Burr.

We asked our girl to go to church Sunday night, but her mother invited herself along—so we went to church.—Whirlwind.

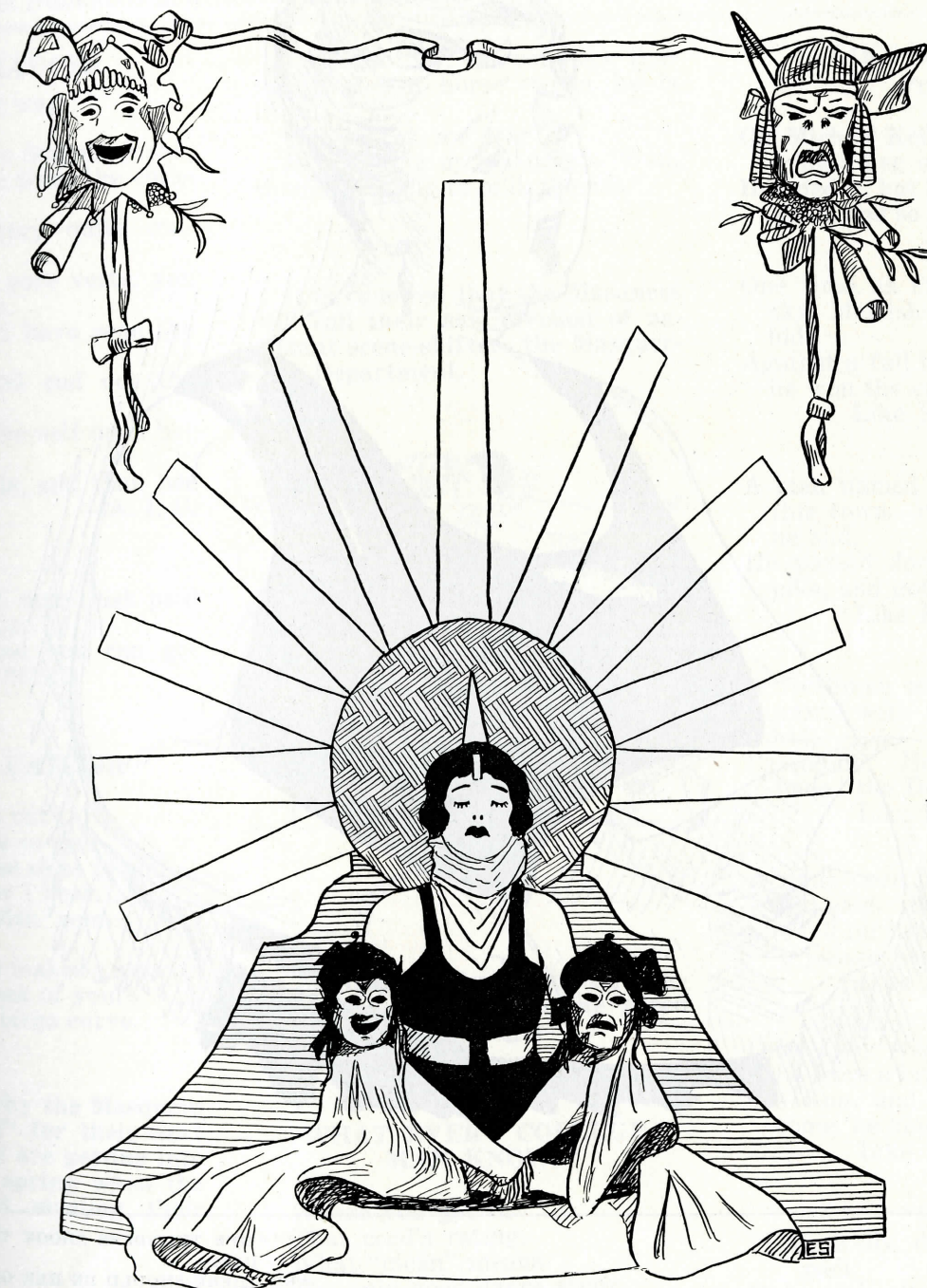
Frosh (at Orph.)—"Give me two seats in L."
Ticket Seller—"Say, this ain't Hades."
—Octopus.

Young Wife (reading her new movie scenario)—"Two burglars here enter the living hall, and the clock strikes one."
Bored Husband—"Which one?"—Voo Doo.

When Greek meets Greek, a Turk gets two at one shot.—Log.

"Say, how did you get off the Glee Club try out?"
"Made first bass on four bawls."
—Chaparral.

The Denison Flamingo

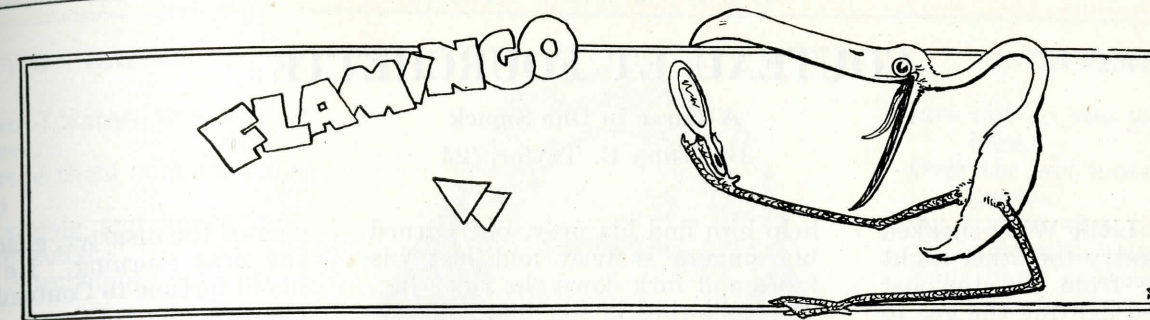


Masquers Number

November, 1922



***HER THUNDERS SHOOK THE MIGHTY
DEEP,
AND THERE SHOULD BE HER GRAVE."
—FROM "OLD IRONSIDES."



A Humorous and Literary Magazine of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

AFTER CHAUCER

—a long way

Whan ata parte ina Soupen Fisha,
And slipp an oister from the cock-
tale disha,
And it behaves very quite con-
trairy,
And landes inside yore veste, you
still bee merry.
Yore girrl mae not have sene the
accidenti,
Or knows that you cud not the
dede preventi.
She mae have one herself upon her
lappie,
Which she will hide, and than bee
very happie. —A. I. C.

Virtuoso—"That man just paid
\$4000 for a Whistler."
Seamstress—"And you can get
a Singer for about fifty."

ODE TO A CATFISH

I see thy finny fins cut thru
The water's edge so near.
And when I get real close to you,
Thy gentle meow I hear.
But when a dogfish comes your
way,
And towards you makes a swerve,
I see that slimy back of yours
Round into one large curve.

Now we know why the Masquers
chose "Stop Thief" for their next
production! They are getting into
practice for next spring when the
Troubadours start stealing their
thunder!

Judge—"You are a freeholder?"
Juryman—"Yes, sir, I am."
"Married or single?"
"Married three years last June."
"Have you formed or expressed
an opinion?"
"Not for three years, your
honor."

Jill—"Mother, do you say that
you 'water a horse' when he is
thirsty?"

Pint—"Yes, my dear."
Jill (picking up a saucer)—"Well,
then, I'm going to milk the cat."

It is rumored that the Masquers
will call their new division of as-
sistant scene-shifters the Masquer-
Aid Department.



SCENE TWO.

"A pure metrical romance, mur-
mured the professor as he gazed
on his latest gas bill.

WHAT EVERY COLLEGE MAN KNOWS

Where you get it.
That coed's rating.
What "mean" means.
The only good dance steps.
Shady spots—and stories.
That the girls think they know
what a man thinks of what they
think, if anything.
What his own ratio of accept-
ances is.
And, if you can get him to ad-
mit it, something about his studies.

LIKE KELLY DID Prologue

Old Michael Kelly said that he could
drink a keg of beer and knew it.
He tried it, but his stomach was too
small, and so he didn't do it.

One time as morning flushed the
sky, McNish upon two pair did
bid.
Against a full house tried to bluff—
he won the cash,
Like Kelly did.

A man named Cox drove through
this town—right through at 45
he slid.
He passed Joe Shipley down the
pike, and got away,
Like Kelly did.

A freshman once at chapel's close
mixed with the mob and, safely
hid,
Passed on. He kept his check and
fooled the Dean, oh yes,
Like Kelly did.

A dude once looked upon my girl
and said, "Boy, she's some kid!"
She fell for him, as women will, but
'e passed her by,
Like Kelly did.

Once Livy went to Dayton town;
he wore a brand new derby lid.
We won, and when he home did
come, he kept the hat,
Like Kelly did.*

*Epilogue
"Like Kelly did" may look quite
well,
But read aloud, it sounds "like
h—."

TRAINED ANATOMY

Professor—"That sentence is not
incorrect, but it sounds odd to the
English-speaking ear."

COUTEAU ET FOURCHETTE

A Farce in One Smack

By Edna B. Taylor, '24

(Foreword: Little Willy sneaked down to the pantry the other night to steal a pie from the topmost shelf. He tried lighting the gas to

help him find his prey, but burned his fingers instead and lost his knife and fork down the cider jug. The following is his matinee ver-

sion of the disaster, enacted at two the next morning. He attributes his ill fortune to Couteau and Fourchette's quarrel.)

Scene: The ridge of pies at the snitching hour. Couteau and Fourchette are discovered mounted in the middle of the ridge. Both are headed upshelf toward the cider stream and are seen to be quarreling violently.

Couteau: Methinks yon nag of thine hath a sulky look.

Forchette: So? Then I'll have thee to know, sweet sir, he may!—and that with usury. Thou hast done naught but nag, nag, nag!—since first we ventured on this fear-some toot.

C.: So, my wench? Thou hast a piercing tongue. Wert well yclept, by my currycomb! But, pardee, my voice is no harder on the brute than thy continual jag, jag, jag!

F.: Thou slashes boldly — by my silver tines thou dost! Thy tongue hath overmuch practice. Grant it, I pray thee, a long, sweet rest. And leave my poor Piebald in peace to me.

C.: Pieces, thou meanest, — pretty gourmand. Thou dost lack wisdom, though. Why dost not procure for thy self the services of a riding-master, who should teach thee to keep the straight and narrow seat? Art too generous with sitting the ridges and swinging like a hammock from thy beloved Piebald's pommel. Or take unto thyself a saddle like to the rocking-chair,—broad, firm, steady as the occidental sun, that—

F.: Peace!—vile punster. Wilt not keep silence? Prithee who art thou to speak? Thy skinny Cuiller is no swifter than my sweet Piebald. Nay, thy foolishness would make the very cuckoos weep. But I'm no cuckoo, — say, rather a fledgling jay! (Leaning closer, coquettishly.) Art not ashamed to ruffle my pretty feathers so?

C.: Tush, tush! — vain lass. Dost want the whole highway? Get thee into the ditch right hastily. Seest thou not yon goodly company? A gay company—St.

Swithen but they be merry! I like not their color,—too light of finger and heavy of hand. Hide thee, quick!

(He caracoles to one side, pulling her with him. She spurs Piebald, and the horse rears.)

F.: Help, Couteau!—Hold this wild mount. Zounds! He'll lull me to sleep yet. O-o-w-w-w-w! Adieu, Couteau.

(She describes a parabola over the tin ridge. At the same time a company of ten knights du chemin are seen approaching in a small, two-cylinder car. They are soldiers of fortune known as "doigts" and are commanded by two officers, brothers of the name of Pouce. Couteau draws quietly up beside the road and waits, smoking nonchalantly. The car chugs up, coughs, and stops in a cloud of dust.)

First Officer: Ahoy, my brave lads! Loot ahead. Tread on the gasoline, brother. But soft, soft!—lest he hear us.

Second Officer: Ha! Worthy swag,—by my spark plug! I crave a jog thru yon soft vale on that pretty little steed. Elizabeth,—my pretty, pretty Ibs,—limpeth upon a single limb. Avast!—my hearties. Yon Fop shall supply us. Have at him!

First Doigt (making at him): Down with the oppressor!

Second Doigt: String him up, the cutthroat plutocrat!

Third Doigt: Hold him, the slippery knave. I'll out upon him.

Voice (from over the ridge): Yes, out upon them, my brave Couteau!

F. O.: Strip him! We must have armor,—armor! Swords, cutlasses, yea, even smoke screens!

TWO CHARMS

In two verses I learned as a child to believe.
(Who wrote them none ever can tell.)

They are simple and sweet, and vastly naive;
The first I remember quite well:

Star light! Star bright!
First star I've seen tonight!
Wish you would—wish you might
Grant the wish I wish tonight!

The other's a charm that is gracefully turned,
Its promise appeals to me still.
It is almost a prayer (much more easily learned)
To my hopes it gives ever a thrill.

Matthew! Mark! Luke! John!
Bless the bed I lie upon!
John! Luke! Matthew! Mark!
Grant my wish and keep it dark!

I ashamed? No indeed, I'm quite without shame,
I oft' chant these quaint little rhymes.
My wish? What is it? Ah, 'tis ever the same,
I've told you, my dear, many times.

* *

The greatest gift to man, you say?
Not health, not love nor riches;
But that which towers above all these,
The gift to give, to serve, to please.
And this his greatest heritage
To cherish, practice day by day.
—W. A. V.

* *

A TRIBUTE TO GENIUS

It was a rhyme, no more than that,
That spoke of love—of passion dear.
'Twas mild, I thought, a trifle flat;
It was a rhyme, no more than that.
But still she thought my lines so pat
Were much too strong for gentle ear.
It was a rhyme, no more than that,
That spoke of love—of passion dear.

INDIFFERENCE

I care not so you walk beside me here,
Over the wet moss on the forest floor—
Your strong step lightly keeping pace with mine,
Your hand as quick to help me as before;

I care not — so your smile be debonair,
Your eyes deep tarns, sun-shot with sleeping leaves;
Your thoughts are gypsying — I stole them all—
I chased and caught them by their shining sleeves.

I care not for the scoffing and the laughter,
The indulgent scorn, the averted jest, the blame;
I take them all—all mine to keep and cherish.
I care not—so you love me just the same. —A. E. R.

* *

My soul is an ice-berg
Melting, yet stern and repellent
To those who cross its path.

The warm sun of friendship
Has softened its glassy shell
Leaving a mushy, sodden mass within.

No longer an awful, fear-inspiring sight
But still, to those who steer their course against my own,
A menace to navigation.

* *

My love's the Spring—with flowers sweet
She decks my life. When breezes blow
From sunny climes, the ice and sleet
Melt from my soul. 'Tis then I know
My love's the Spring.

My love's the Summer—warm and clear
Her sympathy and mind. The sun's
Bright glance is mild against her dear
Eyes, burning, love-full into ones.
My love's the Summer.

My love is Autumn—colored deep.
The leaves that blush at bold winds' blow
Recall her crimson, rounded cheek
Which blushes at my ardor so.
My love is Autumn.

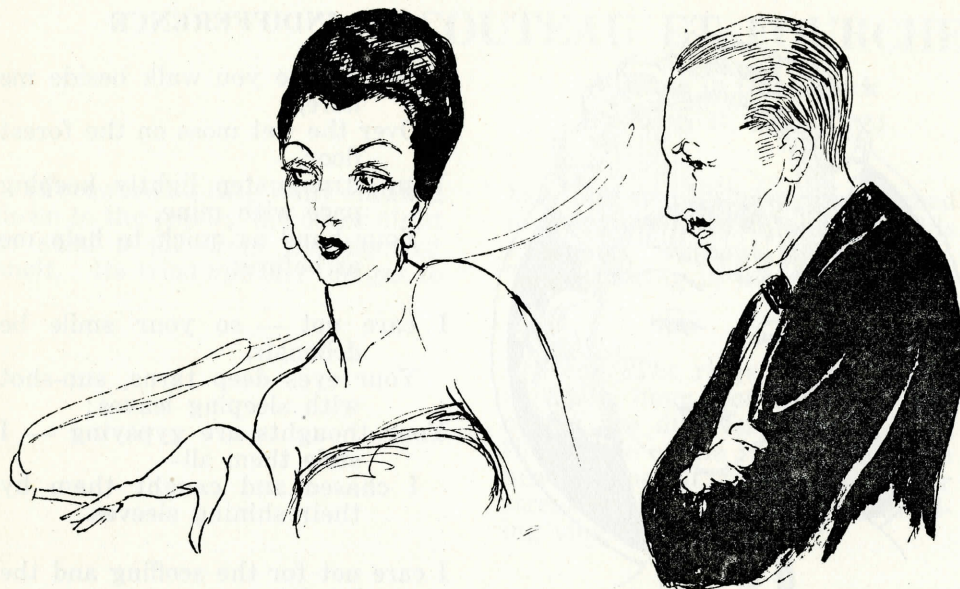
My love is Winter—ah, how cold
Her heart to others who seek love.
But when I'd warm my chilled soul
Her heart's as warm as cheery stove.
My love is Winter.



If thou wilt hold my hand, my love,
No harm can come me nigh;
For angels hovering round my head
Will bless, and watch the long night through.
Peace will come to me, my love
If thou wilt hold my hand.

If thou wilt hold my heart, my love,
My heart that calls for thee,
My soul will to the heavens above
Exultant music sing.
My life, my love to thee I give
If thou wilt hold my heart will hold.

—W. A. V.



CIN—"IN THAT DEATH SCENE OF MINE
I MOVED THEM ALL TO TEARS."
EMMA—"YES. THEY KNEW YOU WERE
ONLY PLAYING DEAD."

PIED PIKER

Mr. Ura D. Piker of Indiana, while on tour this summer, visited the court of an Indian ruler.—News Item.

* *

Servant Gunga Din (entering the throne room, and making low salaam, announces) — "Most gracious mukamuk, Ura Piker—"

Ruler—"Silence, knave! What manner of insolence is this?"

Gunga Din (patiently) — "But, worshipful sir, Ura Piker—"

Ruler (slamming scepter) — "What ho! The Guard!"

Gunga Din (persisting, with gesture toward the ante-room) — "Come, come, sire, wax not so wroth. I did but come to announce that Ura Piker and—"

Captain — "But, sir, what has Gunga done?"

(Gunga is removed to the royal backyard where his din is silenced.)

Ruler (to first substitute servant, Sunga Din)—"Show in the visitors."

(Piker peers tremulously into the throne room from the ante-room door. His companions await the report from Piker's peak. All enter, one at a time.)

Ruler (to Piker) — "Be brief, sir. Thy name?"

Piker—"Ura Piker."

Ruler (foaming at the teeth)—"What!!"

Piker (with slow emphasis) — "U-r-a P-i-k-e-r, Piker."

(Ax sent on the last syllable by the Captain of the Guard.)

* *

Mr. Piker's life insurance paid \$10,000.—News Item.



IN A HISTRIONIC SCENTS

PETITE BLOND, THRID FROM RIGHT
END—"WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE SMELL?"
SMELL?"

SLIM BRUNETTE, FOURTH DITTO—"ONE
OF THE HAMS SMOKING."

LINES

By a Fuller Brush Salesman to His
Sweetie on Her Birthday

My love, 'tis not in mood of vaunt-
ing boast
To you I've tamed my pen to write
this lay.

A fitter subject and a fitter toast
Could not be had, nor could a fitter
day.

This summer season has indeed dis-
played

The merits of my wares — known
country-wide.

I trust you know, so please don't be
dismayed

At cost, I get a discount on the
side.

Oh I'll admit that when I gifts
have sent

To you, my dear, the price is sel-
dom low;

In this case though, I feel there
should be lent

Utility—quite admirable, and so

I blush, and send this neat hair-
brush today,

And hope 'twill brush your troubles
all away. XE.

**Kissing a girl is like opening a
bottle of olives—if you can get one,
the rest come easy.**

An Irishman had carried mortar
to the top floor of a skyscraper and
couldn't find his way down. The
boss missed him and called up:

"Pat, why don't you come
down?"

"I don't know the way."

"Why, come down the way you
went up."

"Sure now, and phwat does yez
think I am?" came back, "I came
up head first."



STAGE DIRECTIONS
SAME SET THROUGHOUT THE PLAY.

"Vander Move is a thoroughly
bad egg."

"He's quite popular now that he
has money."

"But wait till he's broke."

"This is a white lie," gurgled the
milkman as he oscillated the pump
handle.

TALES OF THE RAZZ AGE

Once upon a Time not so long
Ago, a certain Collegian who was
Rough, decided that Social Life, as
opposed to the Intellectual, was the
cat's cuffs, so he went in for a mite
o' fussin'. He thought himself the
rat's Nibble as a hot sport, who
craved rare foreign Liquors and
played ping-pong with the bad
Boys.

But he asked certain Razz Art-
ists for aid, and they saw the glow-
ing Opportunity and seized him
and it. They introduced him to the
violent night Life of a certain
high school where they grow 'em
fast, and they picked out a fast
One as fast as possible.

And they said unto him, "Would
it not be the alligator's Adnoids to
drag this Baby to the Masquers'
Play? We deem it so!"

* *

BENNY'S BLANK VERSE

My gosh uncles are funny
the other day uncle Bill
Comes up and sez H'lo Benny
hows bizness, meanin school.
fine I sez. Then tell me
what c-o-w spells, he sez.
That's easy it spells cow.
Well what duz a cow give
tell me that. Which i did
It gives beafsteak.
Oh no—what does your mother
put in your coffee in
the morning. Sugar I sez.
What else he wants to no.
Well, a spoon of course.
What comes in a pitcher?
Well we used to get beer
but now dad makes home-
brew in the bathtub.
Your not very bright he sez
I ment milk. Now what's the
best way to keep milk
from getting sour?
Simpul I sez—
Keep it in the cow!



UH-UH

The Scene: An autumn eve—the
top of Sugarloaf—harvest moon.
The Characters: Ed and Co-ed.

SCENE I

Ed: "Are you cold, honey?"

Co: "Uh-uh."

Ed: "Don't you want something
around you?"

Co: "Uh-uh!"

(Shows an elapse of time while
the process of putting something
around her is carried out.)

Ed: "Comfortable?"

Co: "Uh-uh."

Ed: "So am I!"

SCENE II

(15 minutes later.)

Ed: "Comfortable, Honey?"

Co: "Uh-uh."

Ed: "So am I!"

SCENE III

(5 minutes later.)

Co: "U-m-m!" (A squeezed
sound.)

Ed: "How do you like that?"

Co: "U-m-m-m-m! Ple-e-ee-se!
U-m-m-m-m-m-m-m! Oh, your —
so big, and strong — and, (softly)
and gentle! Aren't you?"

Ed: "Uh-uh." —H. G. P.



YOU ALL KNOW THAT GUY WE LOVE SO
MUCH—

I SWEAR WE'LL HAVE TO CROWN HIM
YET—

WHO AFTER EVERY ACT, OR SCENE, OR
SUCH,

GOES OUT TO HAVE HIS CIGARETTE.

THE VISION OF SIR LONGFALL

By W. G. M., '24
Cut by Keeler, '23

Scene: The south terrace of ye
Burton Hall.
Time: Don't be inquisitive; it's
moonlight.
Characters: The Petite Princess,
a Semite; Sir Longfall, a Knight
from one of the Eight Enemy
Castles.

Act One and All

Sir Longfall
But stay thee, Princess,
'Till I make my meaning clear;
See! These two letters—
Are reason enough I'm here!

Petite Princess
Burn them!

Sir Longfall
Nay, not so;
I'faith, why wrote thee thus?
I have no knowledge
Why thou and I should fuss.
This eve—the hour past—
I found them in my mail;
Can't be a nightmare?
Stayed I too long at ale?

Petite Princess
You wake; and right well
Know thou couldst get no drink
With thy slender purse
Save from the Raccoon's brink.

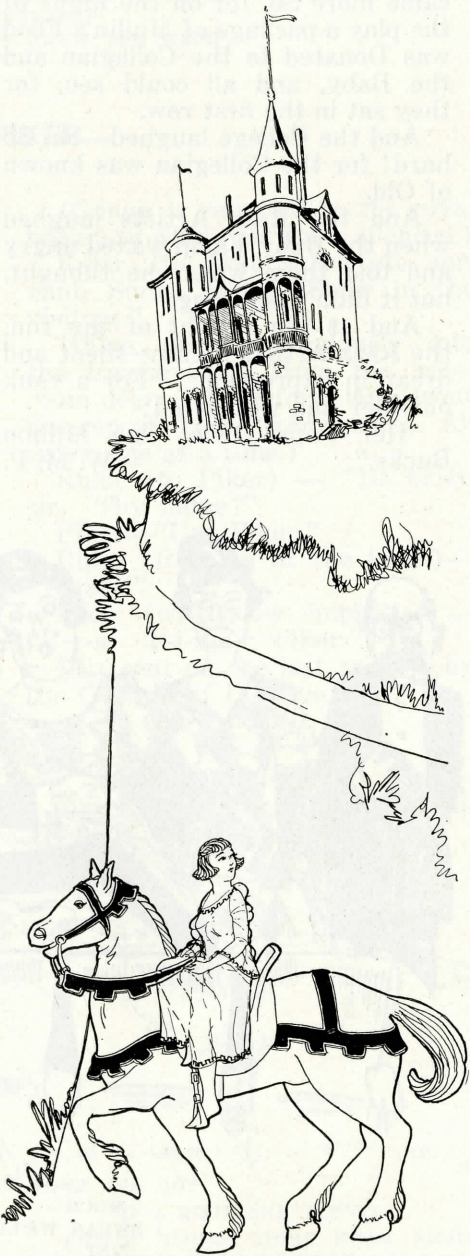
Sir Longfall
Thou'rt cruel! Tell me—

Petite Princess
I told thee in yon script—

Sir Longfall
I know! But yet
Methinks that I've been jipped.
(Unfolds one letter.)
Lo, this note, scented
With the arbutus sweet—
(Reads:)
"My dear Sir Longfall;
I do thee now entreat
This eve to see me;
Methinks that some mistake
Has broke our friendship.
I pray thee, for my sake—"

Petite Princess
Hold, enough!

Sir Longfall
Plenty.
And of such tone there's more.
I ken no "mistake;"
It grieveth me full sore.



"—NIGH HALF UPON THY HORSE, A GRACE-
FUL SEMITE TRICK."

Thou so shouldest deem
Our rare friendship broken—

Petite Princess
Knave! When thou this morn
Passed me without token—
Sir Longfall
I passed thee not!

Petite Princess
Thou
Didst, and spoke not! Get out!

Sir Longfall
I did not see thee.
In truth, I was a lout,
A prep, a scullion,
Call me what you will.
Upon my frat pin,
Pet, I meant no ill.

Petite Princess
Sirrah, hold thy line!
Thou hast a later note;
Read it and thou'lt learn
Just who has got thy goat.

Sir Longfall
I read it, Princess,
And I'm foggy yet;
Someone has spoofed thee—
As to that I'll bet.
In green ink thou writ,
"False knight, with thee I'm done!
Thou hast called me names
In front of everyone."
Fair one, I know not
Such knavery—

Petite Princess
It were
This day, thou dumb-egg,
That thou me didst slur,
As I rode through town.
Elaine told me all;
As I cantered by,
You grinned and pointed;
With a foolish sigh,
Exclaimed, "What a sight!"
Thou abyssmal snake!
(Turns as if to go.)

Sir Longfall
My Lady! Princess!
'Tis a sad mistake!

Petite Princess
(Coming back.)
Elaine heard you—

Sir Longfall
Ah,
But she heard it wrong!
I remember all;
Light thou rode along;

Nigh half upon thy horse,
A graceful Semite trick.
Thrilled, I watched thee pass,
Entranced as any hick.
To him beside me,
The bold Sir Dancelot,
I said—I said—I—
Horror! I have forgot!

Petite Princess
"What a sight!"

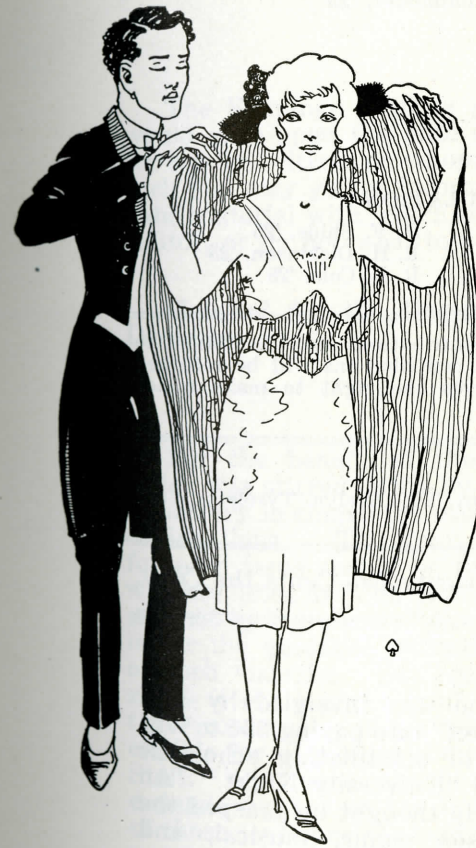
Sir Longfall
Ah, no!

Petite Princess
"What a view!"

Sir Longfall
Not yet!

Petite Princess
"Spectacle!"

Sir Longfall
Alas!
Why did I forget!
"Look?" — "Apparition?"
That's almost it.
"Dream?" No; I can't quite
Upon it hit!



PER—"I'M PRESERVING THAT LOCK OF
HAIR YOU GAVE ME LAST YEAR AS A
SOUVENIR."
OXIDE—"SOUVENIR OF WHAT?"
PER—"OF THE TIME WHEN YOU WERE
A BRUNETTE."

(Should tear his hair, but try
it on your own first.)
I tell thee! Princess!
Ask the maid Lorrain!
Haste thee—call to her!
I shall go insane!

Petite Princess
No! You cannot! Oh!
Lorrain! Oh! Lorrain!

Voice from Above
Yell lower, Princess!
This aint Lovers' Lane!

Petite Princess
Tell me, Lorrain, quick—
What Sir Longfall called me;
Haste thee, dear Lorrain,
Lest the watchman hear thee!

Voice from Above
He said you were a—
I have forgot, I fear!
Methinks it was—now—
Like—Oh my! "vision," dear!

Petite Princess
Sir Longfall
(Together. Very much together.)
O-O-OH! My vision, Dear!
(Curtain. Please hurry.)

The Dumbdora that thinks a
football coach has four wheels is
probably referring to an ambul-
ance.

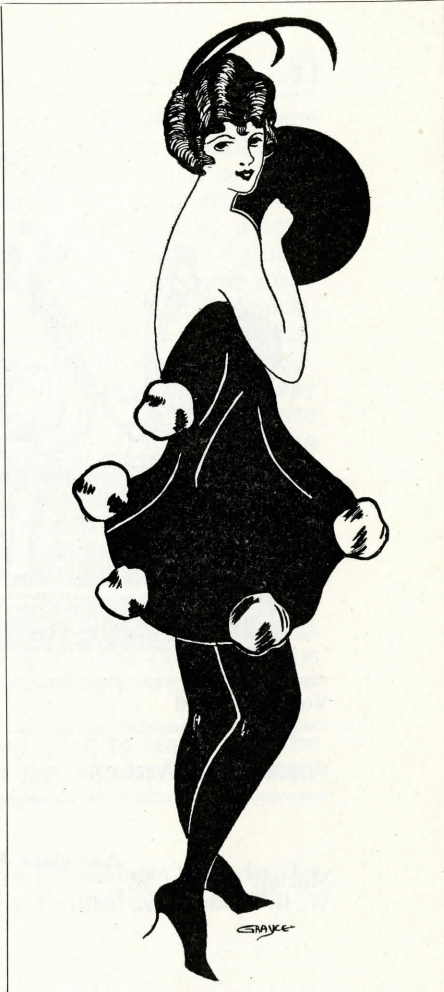
RELATIVITY

Calm yourselves, ladies and gen-
tlemen! This treatise doesn't deal
with that relativity wherein the
searcher may find a horse-thief
dangling from his family tree, but
with the great unrestricted Theory
of Relativity which handles the
more weighty concepts of distance,
temperature, position, and velocity.
And of these, velocity is the great-
est.

Before entering the extended
mathematical field of this subject,
an anecdote will be related which
demonstrates forcibly the thirst
for knowledge of the Theory even
among persons who think rarely,
if ever, as such, as it were.

I had been dancing, one might
say, with a fair young thing with
rather more than a fair mop of
black bobbed hair, a rather less
than fair amount of evening gown,
and a fair line. I explained the
Theory:

"At the end of this dance," I



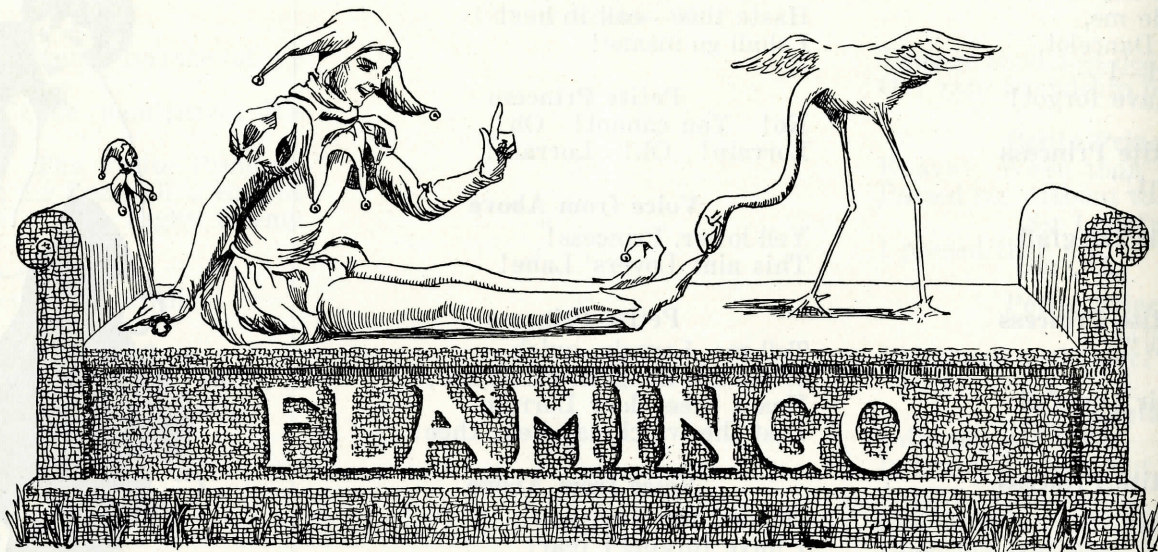
IT'S A LONG JANE THAT HAS NO CRUVES.

cried, "I'll show you how the rela-
tive position of two bodies is af-
fected by the relative velocities of
the components. It is also a re-
markable thing that the tempera-
ture attained varies as the fourth
power of the velocity of one mem-
ber and that fact is very powerful.

"Assuming that the time-space
concept is true, the distance is zero
at once between two bodies of equal
absolute velocities which causes a
rapid coinciding of relative posi-
tions."

Bong! The orchestra expired
with a wave of sound and we found
ourselves on the terrace under a
moon apparently green with envy.
We sat upon the wall and she deli-
cately adjusted the shoulder-strap.
She seemed to be thinking, (re-
markable if true.) Then she leaned
closer, bobbed hair brushing my
shoulder, and said ecstatically:

"What are you waiting for?
Aren't you going to show be about
position and velocity?"



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Two Dollars the Year.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy.

STOP THIEF!

The announcement of "Stop Thief" brought to the Bird's attention the fact that the Masquers are the official, authentic, etc., student representatives of things dramatic in our University. Interesting fact, even if somewhat obscure.

For the Bird had become a trifle confused.

Some time ago he was inveigled by loud shouting of "Cabaret" into paying 35c to witness an evening of scintillating scholastic scamperings called "University Night." An inspiring sight. He thought he grasped the situation — Denison comic, musical, and otherwise histrionicism was a sort of free-

for-all, except the audience; controlled by a true spirit of democracy, it was practiced by all. He recalled the Y Circus as a point in case. That must surely be the arrangement. Fine! That much was settled.

But upon his peace of mind obtruded the announcement of an organization. The Troubadours were to coalesce the musical comedians' inclinations of the campus—to bring order out of chaos. Order out of chaos? That would never do. And the Bird was gratified when sundry faculty and student council members, with quick insight, perceived this. That type of entertainment could have no place on the Denison campus. No not one. How much more fun to call the sweet, unsuspecting children together and tell them to produce an entertainment within twenty-four hours. The fun they have! The thrill of it! The artistry called forth! It were absurd to allow an upstart organization to vary this policy by the addition of something involving foresight and completeness of preparation. Bah! Tut, tut! Likewise, Pooh-bah!

The Bird turned from this turmoil and

decided to leave musical and otherwise comedy in the hands of fate and the Faculty.

"At any rate," he mused with a sigh, "straight dramatics will be a spontaneous student activity that isn't fostered by a fond faculty." He was cheered by the thought.

In the midst of his musings, he came upon a bill announcing a production of the Messrs. Menaechmus, as expounded by one Plautus. A laudable, even if unusual direction for student effort to take. Then he read on. "Saepe fabula feed 'em fir mats." And on down through a linguistic maze from which he gleaned a smattering about Societum Latinare Ohioensis Unitedstatibus. There it all was in a nut shell. The Bird's myth about student initiative was exploded again. He was learning. So when he heard rumors of "Stop Thief" he peered behind the scenes to see who was riding his hobby horse in this production. And he saw none but students. At which he marveled, but was not displeased.

The Bird is, indeed, glad to learn that the Masquers represent the student in things dramatic on our campus.

The Flamingo takes pleasure in announcing the election of Charles Fundaberg, '26, to the position of Advertising Manager, and Miss Edna B. Taylor, '24, to the Contributing Staff.

FLAMINGO PINFEATHERS

The Flamingo Staff is playing the big-time circuit now—it is sporting a pin. If you would gaze upon the elite of the campus literary, humorous, and business talent, cast about for a fellow-citizen on whom is pinned a shining silver "F" mounted with a gold Bird. To any such you may go for information, sympathy, almost anything but money; or to them you may hand material with which to feed the Bird, if you fear to enter the awesome presence of the Editor, or do not wish to be seen slipping anything into the Flamingo Box.

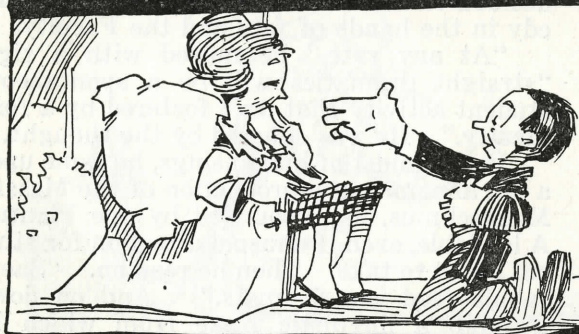
Material for the December Number must be in the hands of the Editor on or before December First.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

For the benefit of the mass of talent which was stirred to life by that touching bit of oratory in chapel the other day, these few explanations: The great bulk of material for each issue should be furnished by those who are listed as "Contributors to this Issue" and not by members of the staff. The Staff is for the guidance, collection, and handling of such material. But one may rise in the ranks if one has the stuff. Contribution to three consecutive issues makes an individual eligible for membership on the Contributing Staff. Whether or not he attains that honor depends further on the quality and promise of those contributions, and on whether he expresses a desire to assume the obligations of

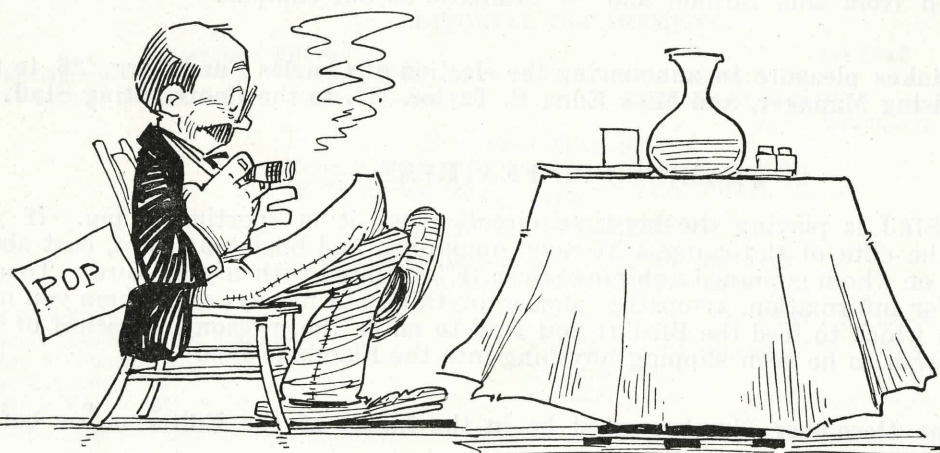
Staff membership. Work on three more consecutive issues is necessary before a Contributing Staff Member may be placed on the Executive Staff. Try-outs for the Business Staff are of a more individual nature and are determined exclusively by the Business Manager. Any Staff member, from the highest to the lowest, is at all times eligible for removal in case of gross laying down on the job.

With that all explained, the Editor is now prepared to give an oral brief of the above material to approximately fifty or more inquiring individuals who will insist on hearing the same thing in personal conference, or don't read editorials.

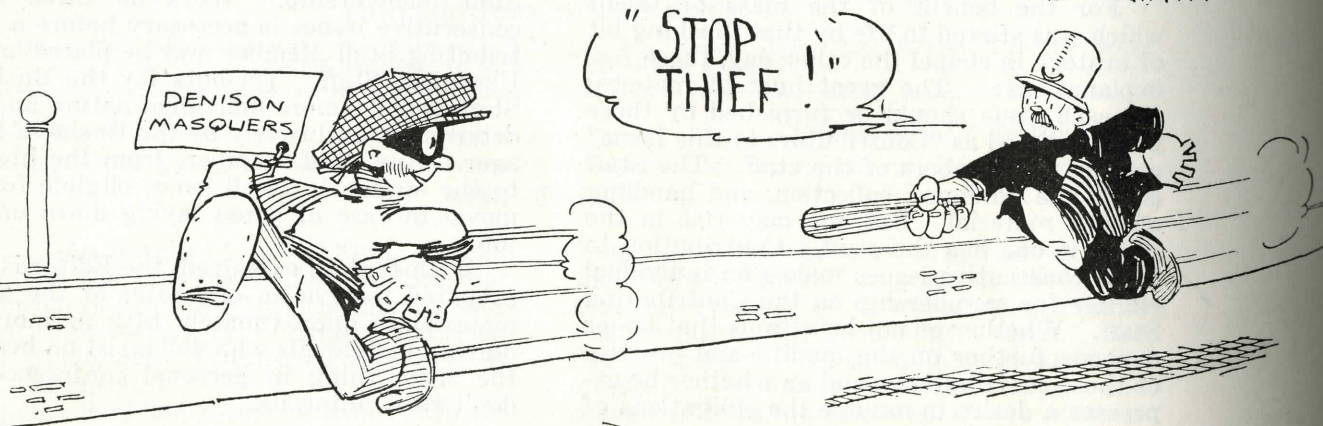


DENISON

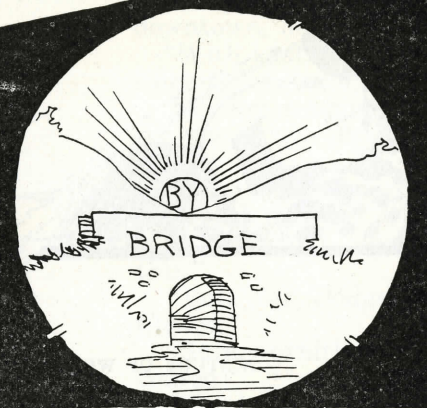
WOT D'YUH SAY? LET'S FORGET ABOUT POP WITH A HANDFUL OF BILLS - PITCH IN AND NEXT SATURDAY ONE REAL DAD'S DAY!



AND WHILE MAKING YOUR DATES - DON'T FORGET THE MASQUERS MAKE THEIR INITIAL APPEARANCE OF THE PRESENT SCHOOL YEAR DECEMBER EIGHTH AND NINTH IN

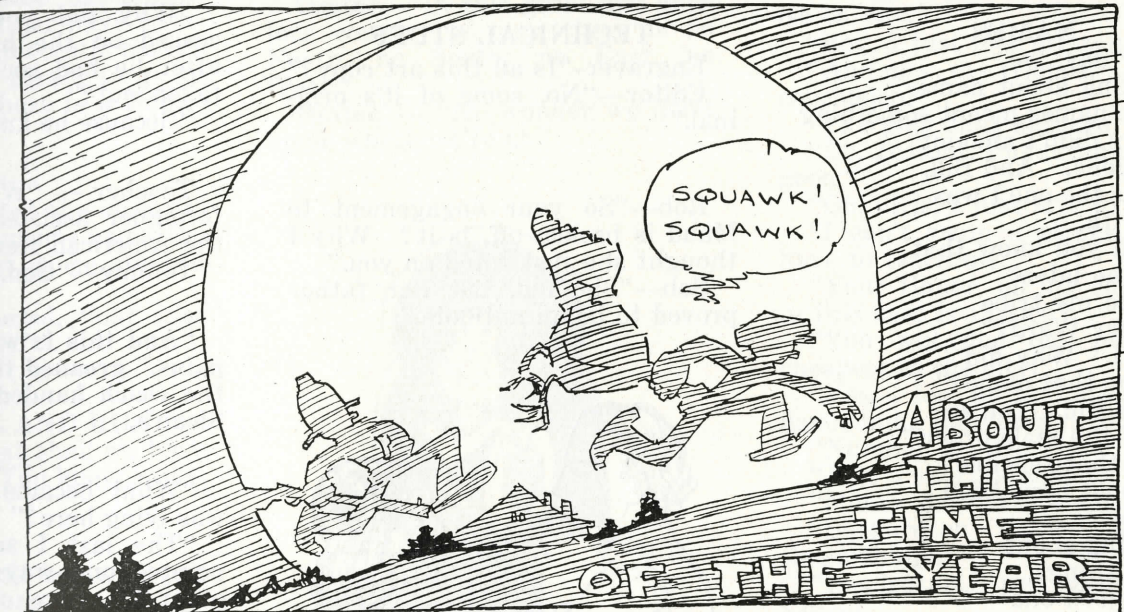
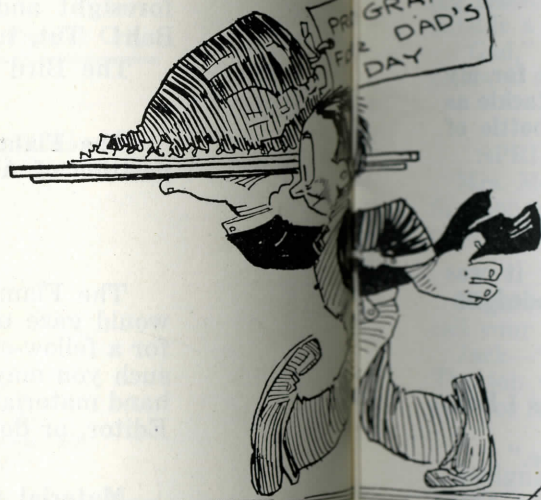


COMICS



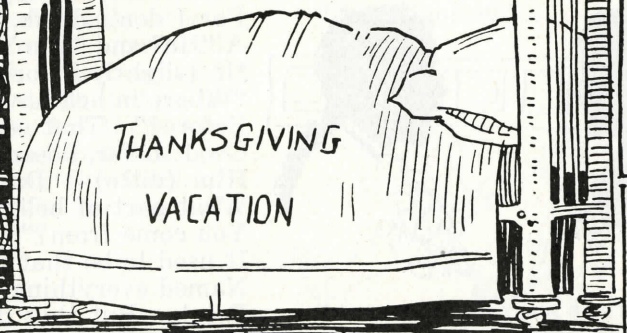
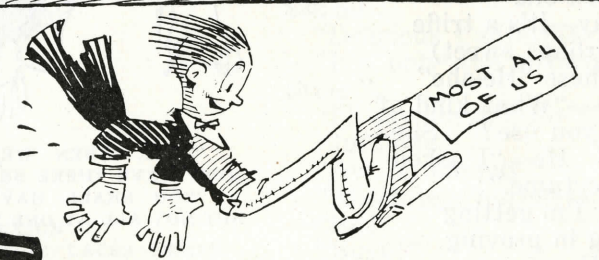
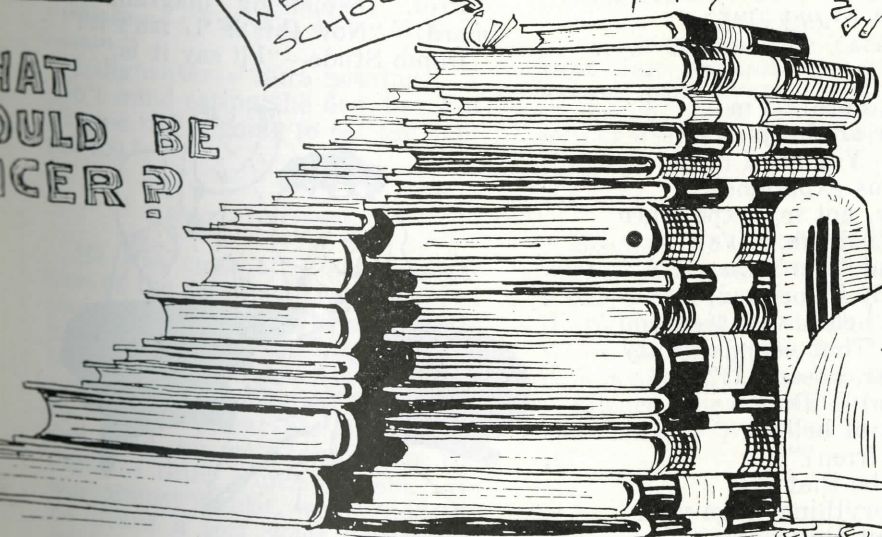
GREETING MAKE

GRAM DAD'S DAY



FIRST TEN WEEKS OF SCHOOL

WHAT COULD BE NICER?

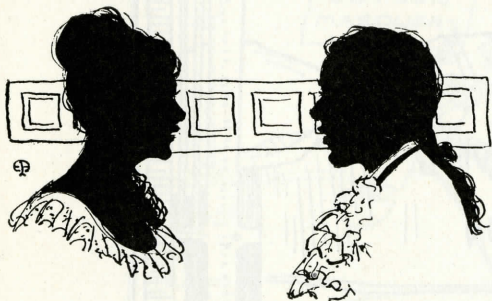




A STUDY OF WILD LIFE.

NAMES

The other day, we
Were talking about names.
How some names meant something
And others didn't amount
To a dawgone. And Bill,
For he was the one I was
Talking with,
Said: "Did you know that
I named the latest
Addition to my tribe
Montgomery Ward?"
"No says I. Why did
You pick on that name?"
"Oh," says Bill, "You see
He was of the male order."
Now isn't that sensible?
I never could have been
That clever.
But speaking about
Names of things,
I heard a good one
The other day—it's a trifle
Deep (or perhaps sweet).
It's one of these "He-she"
Things. He—"What kind of
Perfume do you use?" She—
"Djer-Kiss." He—"I asked
About the perfume."
Well anyway I'm getting
A little along in proving
My point. Now names
Of places—do you like
Vulgar humor? Well, then



"YOU ARE THE FIRST MAN I EVER PER-
MITTED TO KISS ME."
"AND YOU ARE THE FIRST GIRL I EVER
KISSED. WILL YOU MARRY ME?"
"I WOULDN'T MARRY A LIAR."
"I WOULD."

TECHNICAL STUFF

Engraver—"Is all this art copy?"
Editor—"No, some of it's orig-
inal."

Rob—"So your engagement to
Maud is broken off, is it? Why I
thought she just doted on you."
Sob—"She did, but her father
proved to be an antidote."



"JACK, WHEN WE ARE MARRIED, I
MUST HAVE THREE SERVANTS."
"YOU SHALL HAVE TWENTY, DEAR,
BUT NOT ALL AT ONE TIME."

Stop right here! I'm
Glad a few are keeping on
With me. You see I have
A humorous experience,
Pardon me, not my experience
For I don't drink. It's
A "He" and "Him" one.
He (slightly inebriated)—
"Where in hell have I seen you
Before?" That sounds pretty
Good so far, doesn't it?
Him (ditto)—"Dunno.
What part of hell do
You come from?"
It used to be that you
Named everything, even your
Drink. But that doesn't do
Any good now—you get the
Same thing anyway. And
After that you don't need a
Name—they give you a number.

Since that New York female
crepe-wearer was arrested for
smoking on the street, an Amer-
ican Tobacco Company is said to
be considering the adoption of "A
Widow's Weeds" as an advertising
slogan for a new brand.

Stude—"Madam, there are fleas
in my room."

Landlady—"Fleas? I haven't a
single flea in my house."

Stude—"That's right too, they
are all married and have large
families."

"Why did you strike the de-
ceased on the head with an oar
after he had rocked the boat and
fallen out?"

"Because he knew how to swim."

Teacher — "What distinguished
foreigner assisted the colonies in
the American Revolution?"

Tommy—"God."

"And this is what I get for my
pains," groaned the right tackle as
the coach handed him a bottle of
Sloan's.

"What became of the pin that
was lying here?"

"The last I saw of it it was
pointed one way and headed an-
other."

'26—"I'm not as dumb as I look,
am I?"

'25 "No, you couldn't be."

Prof. (explaining diagram on
board)—"Now this is 'L' isn't it?"
Dumb Stude—"I'll say it is."



"THEN THIS IS FINAL?"
"ABSOLUTELY. SHALL I RETURN YOUR
LETTERS?"
"YES, THERE'S SOME GOOD MATERIAL
IN THEM I CAN USE."



"MY BUT YOU'RE CONTRADICTORY TO-
NIGHT."
"WHY, I AM NOT."

Little Millie (whose Republican
father and grandfather have spok-
en freely of the Democratic party)
—"Oh, mama, I'm afraid to go to
bed! I'm afraid there is a Demo-
crat in the closet."

A freshman visited the observa-
tory and noticed someone using the
big telescope. Just as he stepped
outside a star fell.

"Gad," he muttered, "but that
fellow is a good shot."

SPRING THIS AND RUN

Mrs. Monk—"What shall we have
for dinner today? You know cocoa-
nuts are so high."

Highlow—"I don't see why you
call your place a bungalow."

Jack—"I don't know why not.
The job was a bungle, and I still
owe for it."

Indignant — "See here, waiter,
here's a piece of wood in my sau-
sage."

Waiter—"Yes, sir, but I'm sure
—er—"

Indignant—"Sure nothing! I
don't mind eating the dog, but I'm
hanged if I'm going to eat the ken-
nel too."

STOP THIEF!

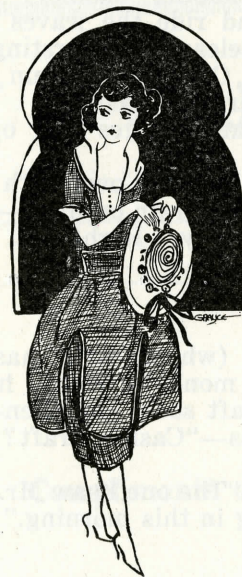
He was caught! The realiza-
tion of the fact made cold beads of
sweat gather on his brow. Little
had he dreamed that his evening's
pleasure would come to this. He
could not even think of running.
He was helpless; his arms were
full, and he dare not drop the
precious thing which he held. He
was almost frantic, when suddenly
he heard a soft voice whisper in
his ear, "Harold, if you don't get
that hair-net loose without tearing
it, you will be out fifteen cents."

—E. S.

Did you ever,
At the first
Of the month,
When bills
Were coming in
Hot
And heavy.
Go into
The old P. O.
And find
A letter from Dad
With five
Extra iron men
In it?
No? — Neither did we.

Orator—"In this great and glor-
ious country of ours there is no
North, no South, no East, no
West."

Oratee — "No wonder we don't
know where we're at."



HER REASON

"IS IT BECAUSE SHE LACKS NERVE
THAT SHE DECLINES TO WEAR HER
DRESSES DECOLLETE?"
"OH NO! QUITE THE CONTRARY! SHE
REALLY HAS TOO MUCH BACKBONE."

FAVORITE FICTION

"Yes, I mailed it on my way
downtown, Maria."

"With sentiments of the highest
esteem, I remain, as ever."

"We are sending a set free to a
representative citizen in every com-
munity."

"No, I never heard that story—
go ahead and tell it."

"They can't campus you for
this."

"Vote for Dodger, the Peoples'
Choice."

"Sure, ornithology is a snap
course."

"Thirty days after date, I prom-
ise to pay."

"Boy, I just met my soul mate."

"And now, my friends, a word in
conclusion."

"The play that shocked Paris."

"Dr. Justout, Physician and Sur-
geon."

"Oh, girls, I just love to smoke."

"I can't swim a stroke. You'll
have to teach me."

"Your Honor, all my client asks
in this case is justice."

"You will find our prices the
cheapest in the city."

"Yes, I had an invitation to the
dance but I didn't want to go."

"Number 10—On Time."

"Just a short, simple little quiz."

"Money back if not satisfied."

"Shepardson women don't do
those things."

"Incidentals, per semester —
\$32.50."

"Delicious California Peaches."

"It's only the principle of the
thing."

"I'll say she fell for my line."

"Just one."

"Aw, let me pay."

"Absolutely harmless."

"No!"

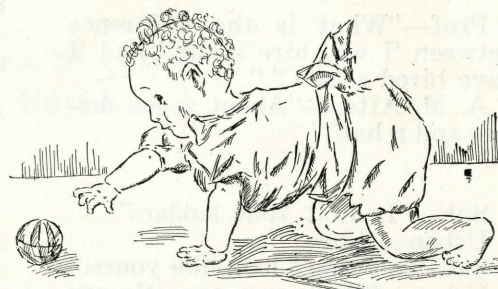
"Busy!"

Twenty minutes for refresh-
ments.

"Delicious, satisfying, refresh-
ing."

"The Most Beautiful Car in
America."

"Beat Denison." —N. H. G.



HARD JUVENILE LEAD: "D— THAT BALL!"

(Concluded from Page 8.)

S. D.: Out, damned shot! Thou hast felled him.

F.: Saint Heddon! He's not the first brave ruffian to fall for Fourchette. Nor the last. (Advancing.) Look sharp, lads, lest ye join him.

(She essays to mount Couteau's horse but the knights stop her.)

S. O. (covering her): Hands up! Thy steed or thy paltry life.

F. (laughing): Paltry or pal-frey,—eh? Nay, not mine, but yon foully murdered knight's. The Furies light upon thee an thou stoppest me!

(Rustling in the grass. S. O. attempts to turn, but Fourchette stops him.)

F.: Bing!!—Bang!!

Bo!!!—Bum-m-m!!!

I'll make thee roar

Like a big bass drum!

(Couteau is discovered slyly crawling off through the grape-nut hedge.)

S. O. (reeling): Ho! Stop yon scalawag! He doth essay to rob us of our corpse.

F. (letting go S. O.'s ear, and lunging wildly): Couteau!—My own Couteau—come back to life. Oh, my sweet chuck!—Art forgiven,—all, all thy base injuries forgotten. Only have mercy upon

thy fainting nymph! (Couteau crawls on unheeding.) Hey!—Catch yon wight! (Aside) Gad-zooks! 'Tis all I can essay to keep him, once caught. The saints spare me from chasing him again!

T. O. (lunging toward bank of cider stream): Hold!—rash youth. Wouldst die for yon fence-fondler?—yon wench who sits cucumbers as well as cutlets,—spinach as well as spuds? Nay, nay, craven courtier! Canst shake her at the next bump o' the crust. Stay thou and see the fun.

C.: See it thyself! I do commend thee to her comely care. Welcome, sweet release! Gladly do I embrace thee. Adios! (Plunges into stream.)

F. (Struggling wildly): Fie on thee false knave! Was ever such ingratitude? Nay, I'll stone thee for that base slander.

(Knights attempt to hold her but she breaks free.)

F. (grabbing saddle): Take that!—and ride the waves to thy sweet Release. (Bursting into tears.) O!—Ripples, run softly. He's a hard customer.

(Couteau emerges near opposite bank.)

F. D. (doubling over with laughter): A murrain on him!—but he foots it featly. Right well yclept,

* * *

M. D. (whose wife has just asked for money)—"Well, I hope to cash a draft soon, and then—"

M. Dess—"Cash a draft? What draft?"

M. D.—"The one I saw Mr. Sterling sitting in this morning."

Sam—"When she wasn't looking, I kissed her."

Hill—"What did she do?"

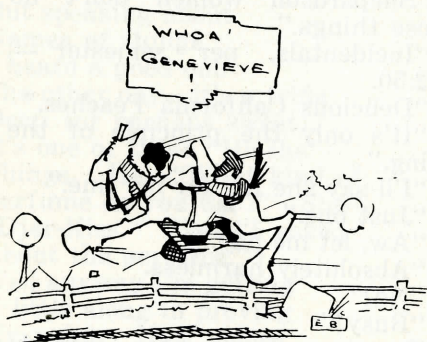
Sam—"Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening."

Cussed um—"That man's business methods are highway robbery."

Customer—"Not quite that; they are more low-weigh robbery"

N ODE 2 A BLOCK HEAD

Q T U C I M 4 U
Y M I O 2 ½ U 2
O Y R U N I 2 B
4 N S N E N M E
M T M I 4 O I C
U R O K N I N G.
M I 2 ½ U P. D. Q.



THE END—

Prof—"Name the tropic belt north of the equator."

Off—"Can't, sir."

Proff—"Correct."

Prof—"What is the difference between 'I will hire a taxi' and 'I have hired a taxi?'"

A. M. After—"About seven dollars and a half."

Sub—"Is that your ladder?"

Urban—"Sure."

Sub—"It doesn't look like yours."

Urban—"Well, you see, it's my stepladder."

my lad! for thou hast cut loose, that's certain.

F. (raving): He took my saddle with him,—vile pretender! (Tears off afoot.)

F. D.: Ahoy!—my lads, we'll to the inwards of yon pleasant vale,—flowing with syrup and cider.

(Knights all mount, five on each horse, including the unconscious F. O.)

Voice: Help!

(Knights all turn heads at once. A great rending, and the ridge of pies collapses. Bandit knights are engulfed. Fourchette and Couteau are then discovered swimming madly,—he for deep water and she, out beyond him, for the shore, cutting him off and heading him toward land. He emerges, floating on the saddle, and she climbs up beside him.)

F. (moving closer): My sweet Couteau!—lovely lad!—brave, cholerick—CHUCK! (Pushes him off in midstream.)

(He waves wildly and disappears. She follows with a stone in each hand.)

C. (gurgling, last time down): Th-th-at was the m-m-ost r-re-f-findest thrust of all!

F. (from below): A botch, a botch, I do confess!

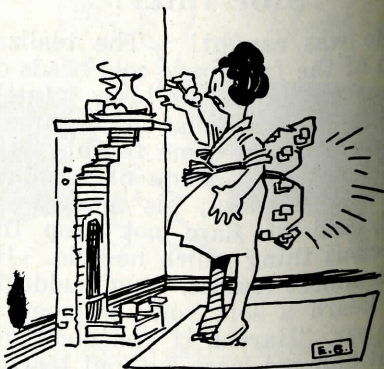
(Quick Aseptic Curtain.)

London—"Y' know the bally proverb has it that 'He lawfs best who lawfs lahest.'"

Undone—"What good laughter you English must be."

Pastor—"I hea' we got a diamond pin in de collection plate this mornin' suh."

Treasurer—"Sorry, sah, but you are mistaken. It was a dime an' pin."



—OF A PERFECT DAY.

Newark

CARROLL'S

Newark

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60-62-64 Hudson Avenue

Of all the stores where you may expect to buy Christmas Gift Things — The Carroll Store has the Largest and Best Chosen Collections.

Of all stores, this is the roomiest, cleanest and most wholesome, and best of all —

Our Prices Are the Very Lowest.

JOHN J. CARROLL

Compliments of

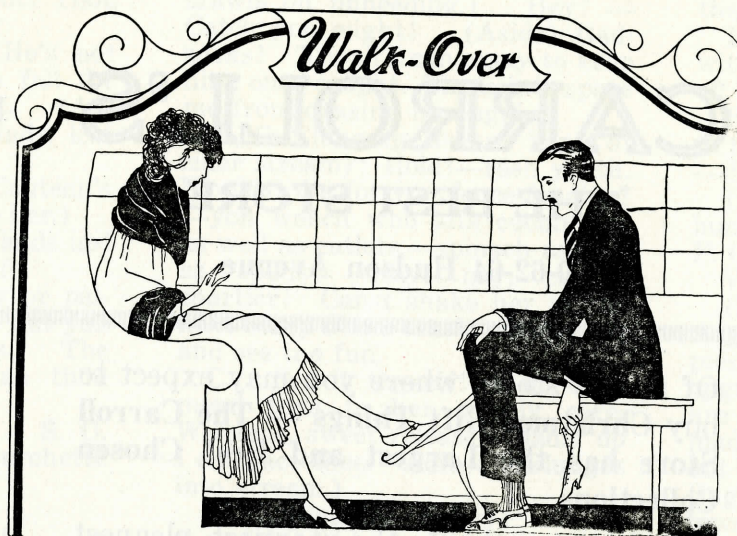
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Exclusive Models in Suits, Coats, Dresses, Sweaters, Blouses, and Furs for the Critical Buyer.

Walk-Over Shoes
for Women
\$5.00 to \$9.00



Phoenix Hosiery
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You pay the salesman for fitting your feet as well as for quality and style in the shoe. Don't use snap judgment in the selection of the store where you buy your shoes. Scientific foot-fitting is not practiced in shoe cafeterias. This store has clerks who know how to fit shoes and we have the shoes to fit your feet.

Manning & Woodward WALK-OVER SHOE STORE

West Side Square

SWEET KISSES

He—"Please give me just one."
She—"I can't."
He—"Why?"
She—"It's Lent."
He—"When will you get it back?"
—Wisconsin Octopus.

A lot of bonus advocates want to be paid for fighting. They must think they were in a labor union, not an Army.—Log.

A fool and his money are parted soon,
The story's often told,
But what gets me is whereinhell
This fool got all his gold.—Bean Pot.

EXACTLY

Prof.—"What did they used to call the process whereby a man was thrown in jail for not paying his debts."
Students (hopefully)—"Pinched by poverty?"—Gargoyle.

Debtors always have lie abilities.—Froth.

"I gotta job."
"What doin'?"
"Pilot."
"On the lakes?"
"In the stockyards."
"How so?"
"Pilot here, an' pilot there."—Phoenix.

THE MASQUERS *present* "STOP THIEF!"

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Two Scotchmen met and exchanged small talk. As they were parting to go to supper, Sandy said to Jock, "Jock, mon, I'll go ye a roond on the links in the mornn."

"The mornn?" repeated Jock doubtfully.

"Aye, mon," said Sandy, "I'll go ye a roond on the links in the mornn."

"Aye, weel," said Jock, "I'll go ye. But I had intended to get marriet in the mornn."

There was a small job of diving to be done, and, in the absence of the regular divers, an Irishman who had just been engaged to work the air pump, volunteered to go down. He had scarcely been down long enough to begin work when he gave the signal that he wanted to come up. As soon as he was on the boat, he motioned to have the helmet taken off.

"Begob," he said when his head was free, "I'll not wor-r-k where I can't shpit on me hands."

A colored man, convicted of stealing chickens, was asked by the judge how it was he managed the thing so well right under the owner's window.

"Hit wouldn't be no use, Judge," he replied, "to try to 'splain dis thing to yo'-all. Ef you was to try it, like as not you would get yer hide full o' shot an' get no chickens, nuther. Ef yo' want to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' better stick to de bench whar yo' am familiar."

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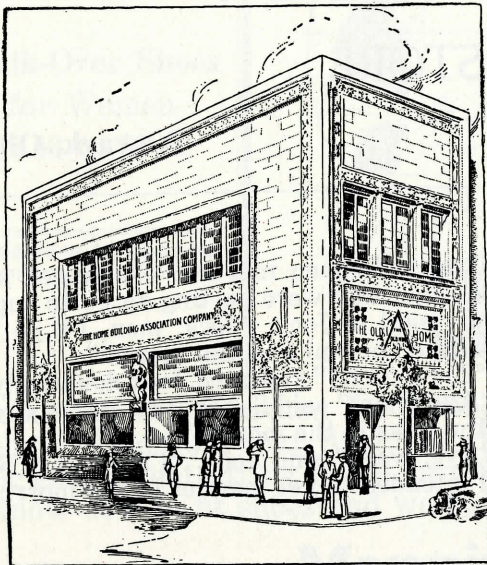
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Black ———
———some
Slight of ———
———kerchief
———me down
———organ
———out
Four Aces and the Joker.
——Chaparral.

WASH OUT FOR THIS

Minnie Wing—“What’ll I do—the faucet’s leaking?”
Winnie Ming—“That’s all right. I’ll call father—he’s a washer.”—Chaparral.

Harry—“My! You did get fat this summer.”
Dick—“I weigh exactly 125 stripped.”
Harry—“You can’t tell exactly, these drug-store scales are liable to be wrong.”
——Gargoyle.

Even the moth has his sphere of society.
He frequently appears in a dress suit.
——Goblin.

A TRAGEDY

I had the swellest little girl,
A frosh co-ed named Esther.
She had the looks but not the brains;
She’s not here this semester.
——Octopus.

Evidently those people who always insist on giving clocks for wedding presents believe that there is no present like the time.—Froth.

1st Cullud Pusson — “An’ did they evah play cahds in this ere stone age?”
2nd Cullud Pusson—“Nuthin’ else but, niggah, an’ clubs wuz always trumps.”—Juggler.

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THE FROSH RETORT

K. B.—“Can you tell me how to translate this French, old boy?”
F. B.—“I could, but do you think it would be right?”
K. B.—“Probably not, but take a try at it and see how it sounds, anyway.”—Lord Jeff.

A great deal of alleged golden hair is plaited.—Goblin.

Bee—“Is your Packard friend coming to-night?”
Tee—“No.”
Bee—“Dodge Brothers?”
“Tee—“No dearie, this is Willys-Knight.”
——Green Gander.

AN EXPLANATION

A touring party were having breakfast in Buffalo. When the eggs were served, one exclaimed—“What large eggs!”
Said another — “Yes, these are Buffalo eggs.”—Judge.

Just because a man’s pockets are bulging is no sign he has lots of money. He may be on his way home from a smoker.
——Green Gander.

Bricker—“Yes, all of my hats are modeled on a very exclusive block.”
Brack—“Made to measure, what?”
——Spider Web.

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"In time of trial," said the preacher, "what brings us the greatest comfort?"

"An acquittal," responded a person who should never have been admitted.—Chapparral.

"Will you play bridge?" she asked as they stopped before the swollen brook.

—Williams Purple Cow.

Colored Officer—"Eyes right!"

Black Private—"You are like hell."

—Froth.

SHERIFF, DO YOUR DUTY

"—I was seized with horror. The car was tearing down the street behind the unconscious lad. I called him Elsie—"

(Many questioning sounds and looks.)

"I called him Elsie be run over."—Gargoyle.

Boss—"Don't you know this is a private office? How much did you pay the office boy to let you in?"

Job-Hunting Senior—"I got in free, sir. It says 'No Admission' on the door."—Beanpot.

A WELL BALANCED SENTENCE

"Column right," said the bookkeeper as he saw that the books balanced to the penny.

—Sun Dial.

Sport—"I stood pat on three fours last night."

Fusser—"That's nothing; I called on two queens yesterday."—Chaparral.

City Feller—"Well, Mr. Brown, I see that your son has taken his B. A. and his M. A."

Farmer Brown—"Yes, but his P. A. still supports him."—Scalper.

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First Convict—"When I git outa this pen I'm gonna have a hot time, ain't you?"

Second Convict—"Don't know; I'm in for life."—Cracker.

"Caught in the act," swore the acrobat as his foot stuck in the flying ring and left him suspended in mid-air.—Scalper.

"ABOVE the CROWD"

stands the man who is smartly dressed, who has learned, as Shakespeare said, "Clothes do not make but proclaim the man."

Would you be well dressed, with becoming style and character, in suit or overcoat?

Then let us show you a selection from the line of Kincaid-Kimball Clothes—"Famous for Fine Tailoring." Even the prices will appeal to you.

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Daughter—"Has my mail come yet?"

Mother—"Daughter, you must stop using that terrible slang."—Burr.

Is bobbed hair a short cut to a man's heart?—Lemon Punch.

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Maggie—"Have you read Ivanhoe?"
Awts—"No, those Russian novels bore me."
—Puppet.

"They say that man was a 'Christian athlete.' What does that mean?"
"Probably a member of the gospel team."
—Malteaser.

Vitamines seem to have lost their fascination, now that the American family has discovered the radio.—Malteaser.

The Wyant Garage

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DR. HECK

DENTIST

Over Cordon's Restaurant

SO IT GOES

I never wore a dinner-coat,
Or anything that looked half formal,
But every other soul I'd note
Was dressed in tweeds or serges normal;

I never went to an affair
In striped tie and suit of gray,
But every person who was there
Fooled me, and dressed the other way.
—Jester.

CONTRIBUTORS ATTENTION!

Soph—"You were born to be a writer."
Frosh—"How's that?"
Soph—"You have a splendid ear for carrying a pen."—Brown Jug.

Teacher—"Johnnie, what is the superlative of sick?"
Johnnie—"Dead."—Tiger.

QUALIFIED

"Have you ever had any stage experience?"
"Oh yes, sir."
"What have you done?"
"I played the part of the cabin boy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"—Scalper.

Co-ed (angrily)—"I should think you'd be ashamed to look me in the face or speak to me on the street."

He—"I am kinda, but I've got to be courteous."—Purple Cow.

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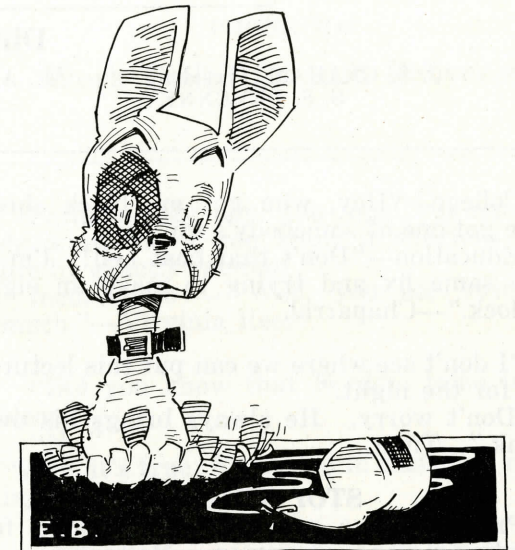
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Good Health or Butter Krust Bread
and you will be pleased

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FRED MILLER

College—"Hey, who got my black shoe?
I've got one of somebody's tan pair."

Education—"Don't that beat hell! I'm in
the same fix and trying to make an eight
o'clock."—Chaparral.

"I don't see where we can put this lecturer
up for the night."

"Don't worry. He always brings his own
bunk."—Tiger.

STOP THIEF!

Pretty soon a man will be arrested for
stealing a glance at women.—Malteaser.

Mother—"Dottie, answer the door."

Dot—"Ma, do doors talk?"

—Black and Blue Jay.

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He—"I wish you would dust the cobwebs
out of your brain."

Him—"Yes, that would make my vacuum
cleaner."—Yale Record.

Navy Plug—"I sure miss that spittoon
since it is gone."

Cut Plug—"You missed it when it was
here."—Puppet.

Wine, women and song,
An ancient cry, alas,
For now we hear collegiates say
It's Gin, Girls and Gas.—Puppet.

?—"Why did they kick that Medical stud-
ent out of the Library?"

!—"They caught him trying to remove the
appendix from a book he was reading."
—Virginia Reel.

"He gave himself dead away."

"How come?"

"Willed his body to a medical college."
—Puppet.

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Father—"My boy, you must cut out this
drinking—don't you know it shortens your
life by exactly one-half."

Incorrigible—"Well, you see twice as
much."—Virginia Reel.

"Did you know that Freddie talks in his
sleep?"

"No."

"Well, it's true; he recited in class this morn-
ing."—Phoenix.

Jack—"Some men can't stand tobacco."

Jim—"Yes, I've noticed that from the
cigarettes they smoke."—Exchange.

She—"Do you think the end of the world
is near?"

He—"Well, it's nearer than ever before."
—Stone Mill.

"It's the little things in life that tell," said
the girl as she dragged her kid brother from
underneath the sofa.—Orange Peel.

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The fellow who watches the clock can hardly expect to be anything but one of the hands.—Stone Mill.

A SHORT TRAGEDY

Reckless Hugh
Car New
Whistle Blew
Cried "Pooh!"
Drove Through
Train Flew
Funeral at Two—Puppet.

From the signals we would say that a football team believes there is safety in numbers.
—Stone Mill.

All work and no play makes jack.—Ex.

He—"I'm certainly going to kiss you before I leave."
She—"Leave this house immediately."

Pup—"I hear King George is wearing his trousers creased on the sides."
Pet—"Yeh, that's the latest wrinkle."

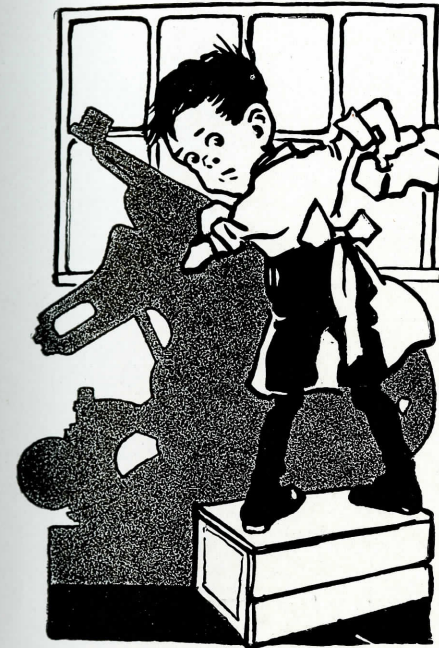
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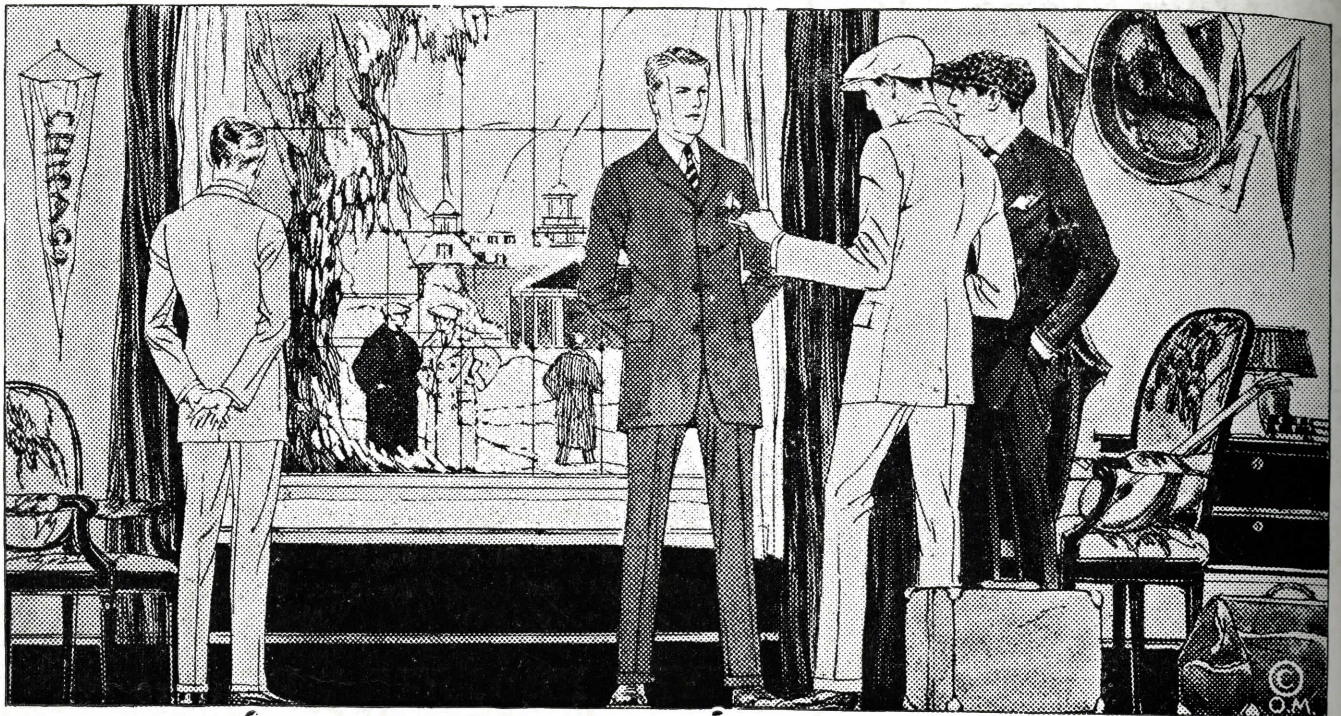
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